

FURRY (WITH ROD DE MOUND)



LEMON TONGUE



I PACED MY HOUSE LAST NITE, NAMING ALL THE STARS
ABOVE ME

UP ON THE HILLS
PEOPLE NEVER STARE.

IT STARTED
WITH LETTERS,
A THOUSAND
LETTERS,
CONNECTED BY
MY DEAR

HEART & SOUL,
XLR CABLEZ
CONNECTED

IN & OUT
LOVE IN THE
TIME OF TYPOS,
VOICEMAILS

HERE COME
THE WORDS

OF THE
GREAT
IDEALIST.

MOTHER
FUCKERZ

THIS LP STARTS
WHERE WE DID,
WITH HOPE * FEAR.

THEN IT SPARKS
AND PLAYS AND
WALLOWES A
LIL BIT, AND

HIS HANDS
PERFORM HIBES

STOP SMOKING I LOVE

SOMETIMES I GET REALLY SCARED THAT BAD
THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO ME OR THOSE I LOVE, I
WORRY ABOUT VANIT A LOT, BUT THERES ALWAYS, THE

CHORD Bm7#11. AND, AN EADIEC UNBROKEN ROCK & ROLL

THINKING ABOUT THIS PROJECT, LIKE,
DEFIES ME. MY HEAD BUZZES LIKE 1000 BEES ARE TRAPPED INSIDE. UM,
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THAT SHOW ABOUT THE HORSES? AND THEY'VE
GOT, LIKE, THE SAME FACE. AND LITTLE PICTOGRAPHS, THAT GET BESTOWED
UPON THEM BY INVISIBLE GODS. WELL UM, I THINK I KNOW THE NATURE OF THAT MOMENT.



VOMIT - WRITING, CONCEPT,
ART, VOCALS, SORROW



MINISTER FOX - BASS,
OTHER INSTRUMENTS,
PERVERSITY

■ HARD TO DESCRIBE
THIS LP. RAMBLING,
IMPERFECT, VULNERABLE.
WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY
OTHER WAY. GUESS I
JUST LOVE CREAMED CORN.



I.

INTRO

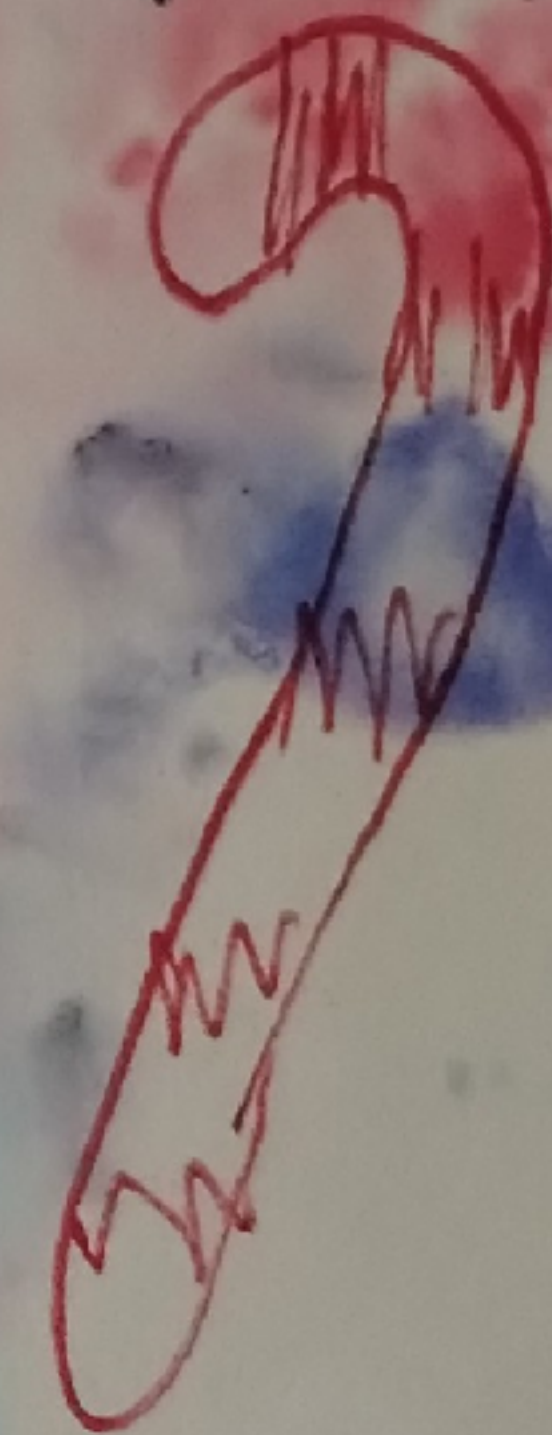
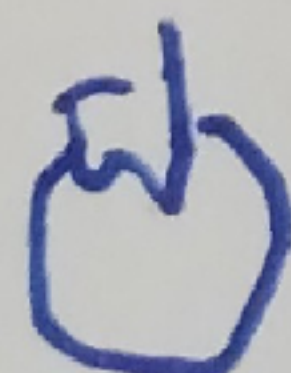
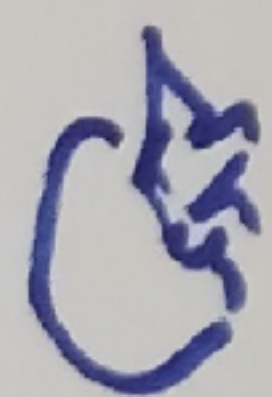
WHAT IF THE MOUNTAINS WERE ~~DO~~
CHOCOCATE AND THE SKY WAS
BLUEBERRY MILKSHAKE AND THE
CLOUDS WERE COTTON CANDY...

WHAT IF THE TREES WERE
CANDY CANES AND THE HILLS
WERE GUMDROPS. WHAT

IF THE

WORLD

WAS



II.

UNTITLED

2.

I THINK THE 2008 FINANCIAL CRISIS MADE ME A GIRL

THE FIRST MEMORY OF MYSELF CURLED UP ON THE FLOOR TRYING NOT TO HURL

DRAWING CATS ON THE COUCH AND WISHING I FIT IN WITH THE OTHER KIDS

I REMEMBER MY PARENT'S FACE OF MALAISE AS I STOOD THERE IN HOT TOPIC FINDING THE BAGGIEST SHIRT WITH JUST ENOUGH PINK TO DISTRACT MYSELF FROM THE FACT MY BODY WAS DYING, ROTTING

OH, TRYING TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH A CONSTRUCTION SITE

SAD, KICKING THE LOOSE EARTH, REMEMBERING HOW IT HURT, WHEN THEY CALLED ME A FAG AFTER SCHOOL

WATCHING COLOURFUL HORSES WAY OFFER OUT OF JUICE IT WAS NORMAL TO, SITTING

AND WAITING FIVE WHOLE YEARS JUST TO SEE A GIRL LIKE ME

CALLING FOR HER BRIGHT RAINBOW

MOTHER, MAYBE I'LL MEET ANOTHER IF I GIVE UP ON BEING A BOY

REMEMBER THE 2008 FINANCIAL CRISIS MADE ME A GIRL

BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE THE DISCOURSE ON TRANS GENDER IDENTITY LIES THESE DAYS

AM I ONE OF THE GOOD ONES IF I FORGET MY PAST AND JUST MOVE ON

SHOUT OUT TO THE TRANS GIRLS NAMED VRISKA AND TWI TWI. MAYBE IF I HAD KEPT MY

NAME LIKE THAT I WOULDN'T WANT TO CRY

I'VE STARTED TO

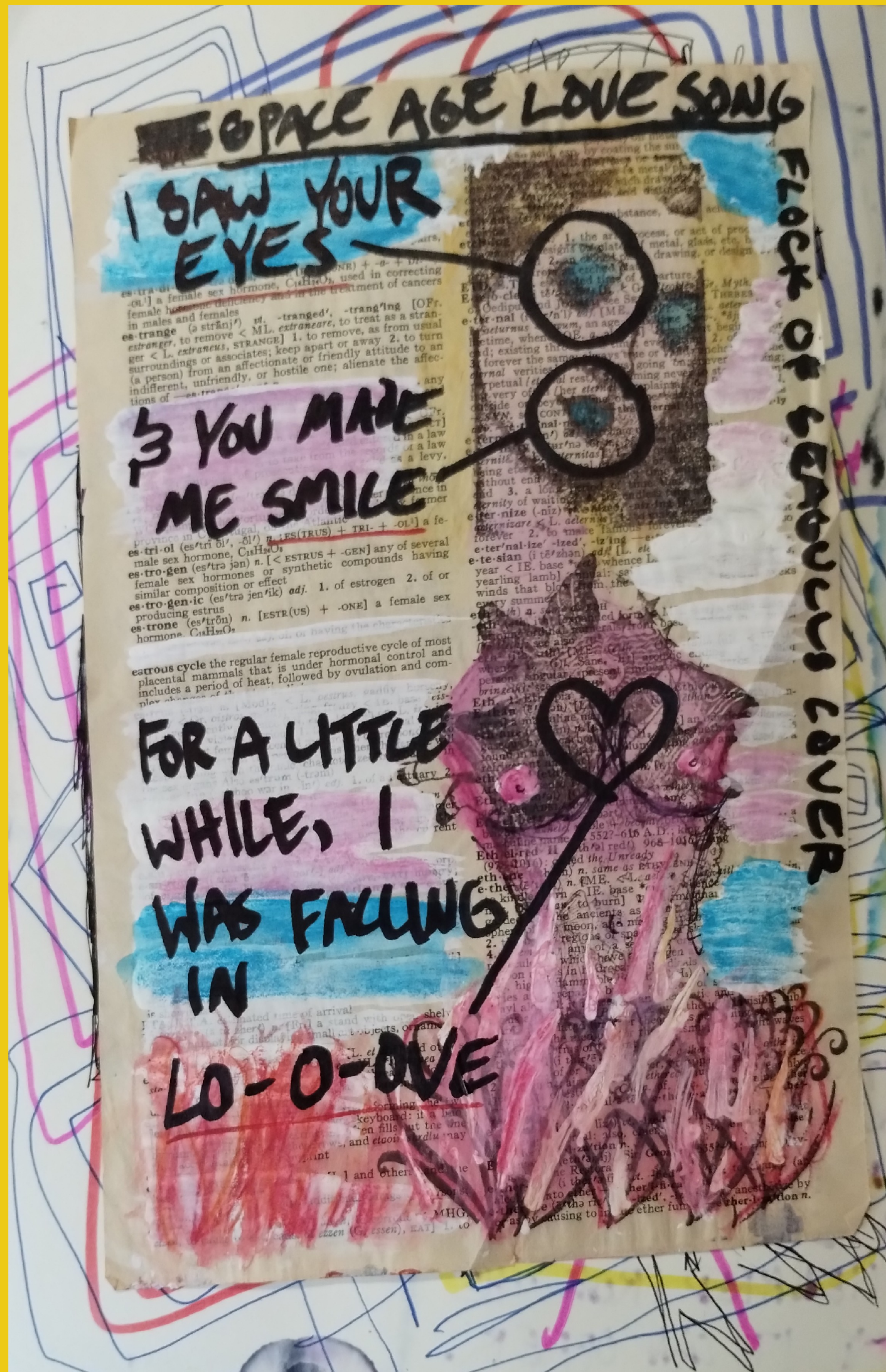
FEEL REALLY WEIRD ABOUT THE NEED TO KILL OLD SELVES. CAUSE I FEEL IF I COULD HOLD ONTO MY PAST AND HUG HER, IT MIGHT JUST FUCKING HELP.

I STILL PICK AT MY SKIN AND TEAR AT MY FLESH FOR FITTING ME LIKE SOME FORM-SOUL LIE.

BUT 5 YEARS DOWN THE LINE WITH A COCKTAIL OF MEDS, MAYBE A NAME CHANGE TO ACCENTUATE MY SELF EVOLUTION AND A NEW TYPE OF HAIR DIE, I MIGHT JUST BE FINE.



III.



IV.



CANDY CIGARETTE CAPGUN GIRL

WE FOUGHT LINE DOGS, [REDACTED] OR, SOME
OTHER [REDACTED] ANIMAL, LIKE WOLVES,
CATS, OR BANDOS. IT DOESN'T
MATTER, I DON'T CARE.

I JUST WANT TO DROWN YOU IN
MY ID, SHOVING YOUR HEAD UNDER
THE WATER, WATCHING AS YOU
SLOWLY RUN OUT OF AIR
CAUSE WE COULD KILL EACH OTHER

SOMEWHAT
EFFECTIVELY, I
THINK, BE IT IN
BODY, MIND, OR SOUL.

I COULD GOK YOU IN
OUR PARALYTIC HEAD
SPACE, BRUISING MY OLD
ROSE TINTED MEMORIES
OF YOU UNTIL THEY'RE

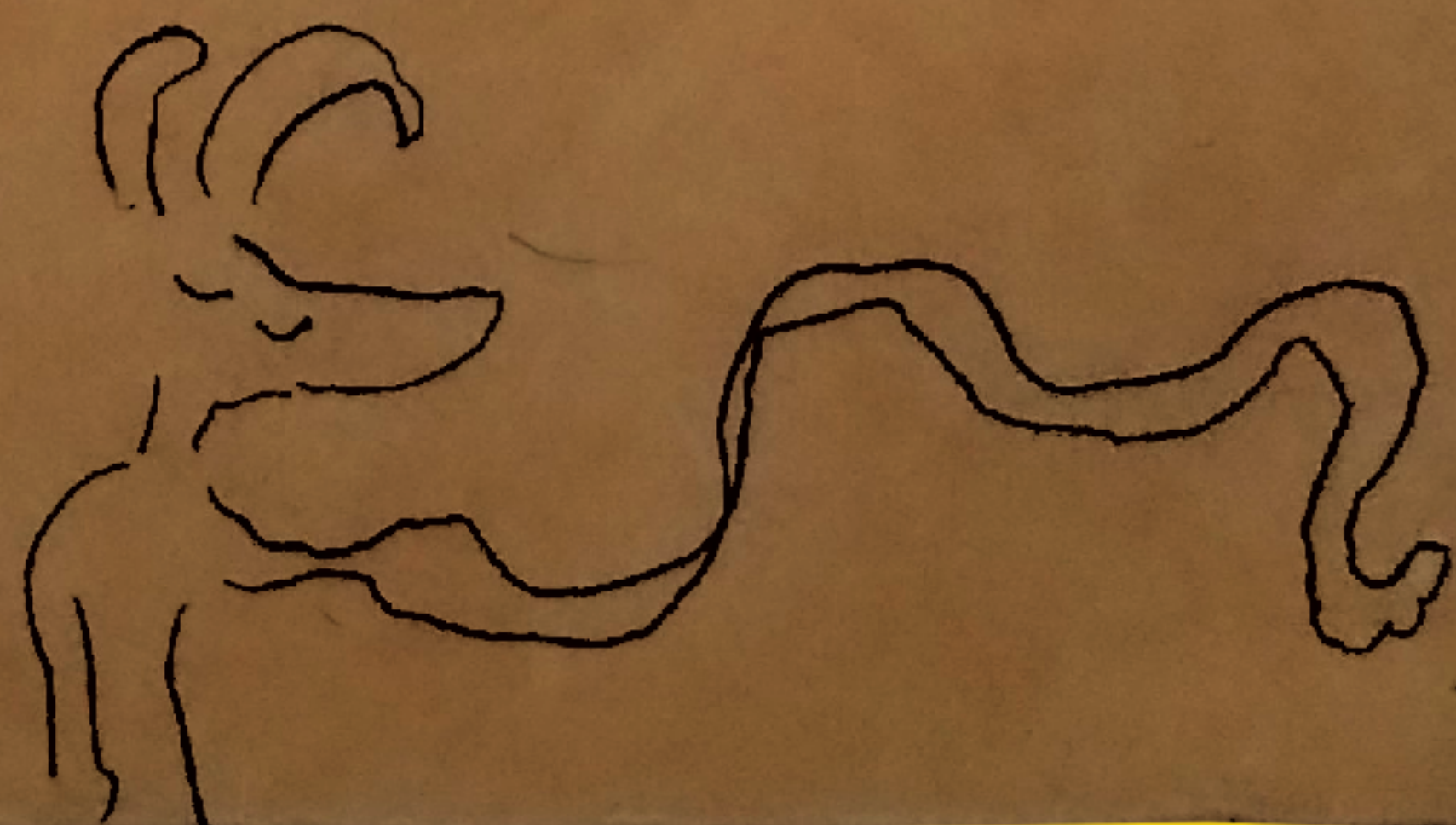
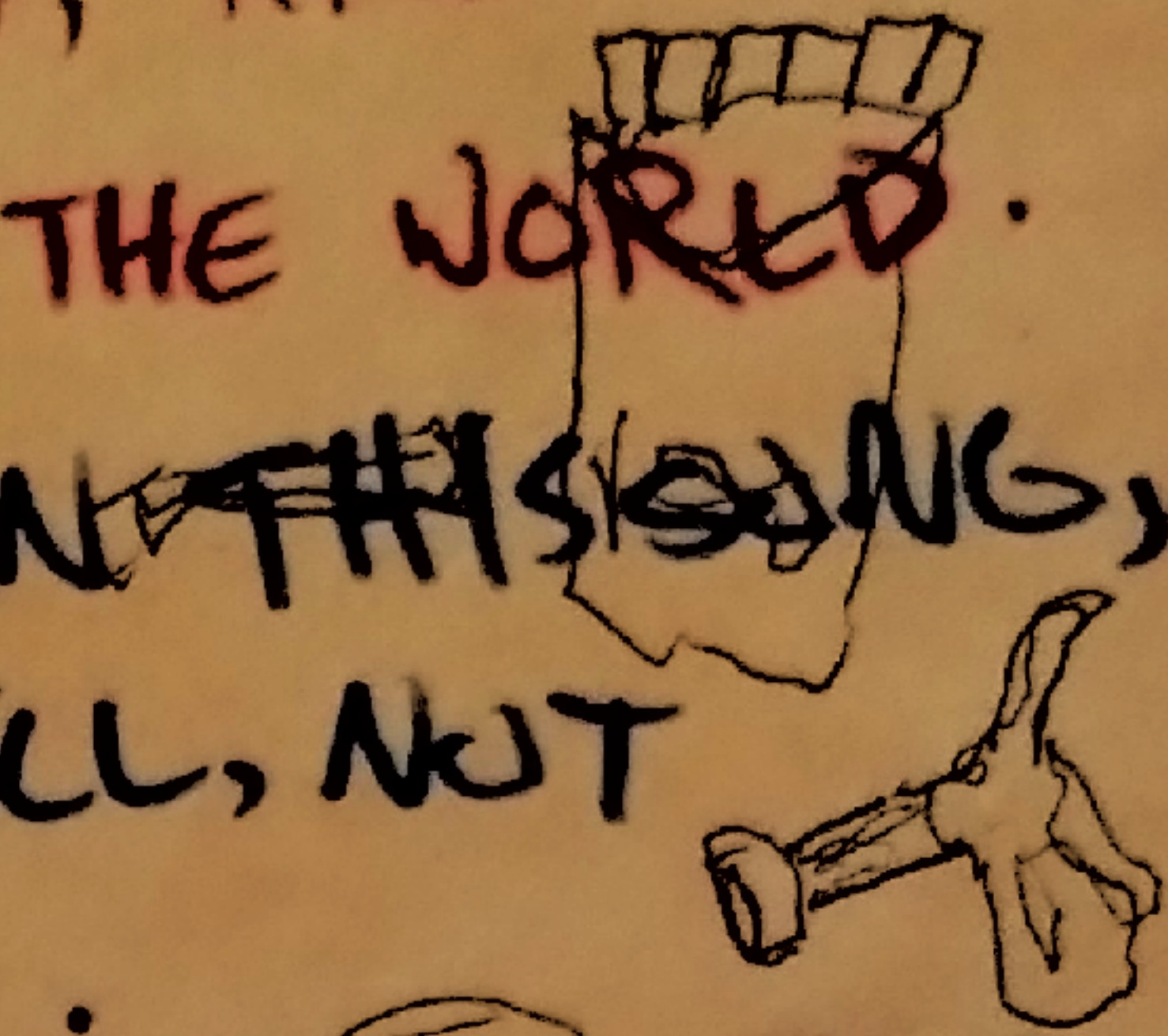


3 I HATE YOU (I LOVE YOU) MY
CANDY CIGARETTE (APGUN GIRL
I LOVE YOU (I HATE YOU), KIND OF
PERSON TO LIGHT FIRE TO THE WORLD.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO RHYME IN ~~THIS SONG~~,
BUT IT WORKED OUT WELL, NOT
THAT I REALLY CARE...

THE WAY I WRAP THAT
NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK
MAKES IT LOOK LIKE A
COLLAR FROM HERE.

BUT IM STILL ATTACHED TO
LIKE A LAMPREY ~~AND~~ OUR
BODIES GLUED TOGETHER WITH A SEMEN
EPOXY

CAUSE OH, I NEVER WANTED TO BE LIKE
THOSE TWO DOGS!



CAUSE THE ONLY THING
THAT I NEED IN THE WORLD,
MY CANDY CIGARETTE CAP
GUN GIRL, KEEPS MAKING
ME WANT TO ~~SMOKE~~ SMOKE
AGAIN, PULLING AT MY ARMS
FOR KINDLING. TOLD ME "YOU'LL
NEVER BE RID OF ME" AND
NOW, WELL, WE'VE MADE SURE
OF IT. THINGS WILL NEVER BE
THE SAME.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
GO DIE,

AND HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.

UI.

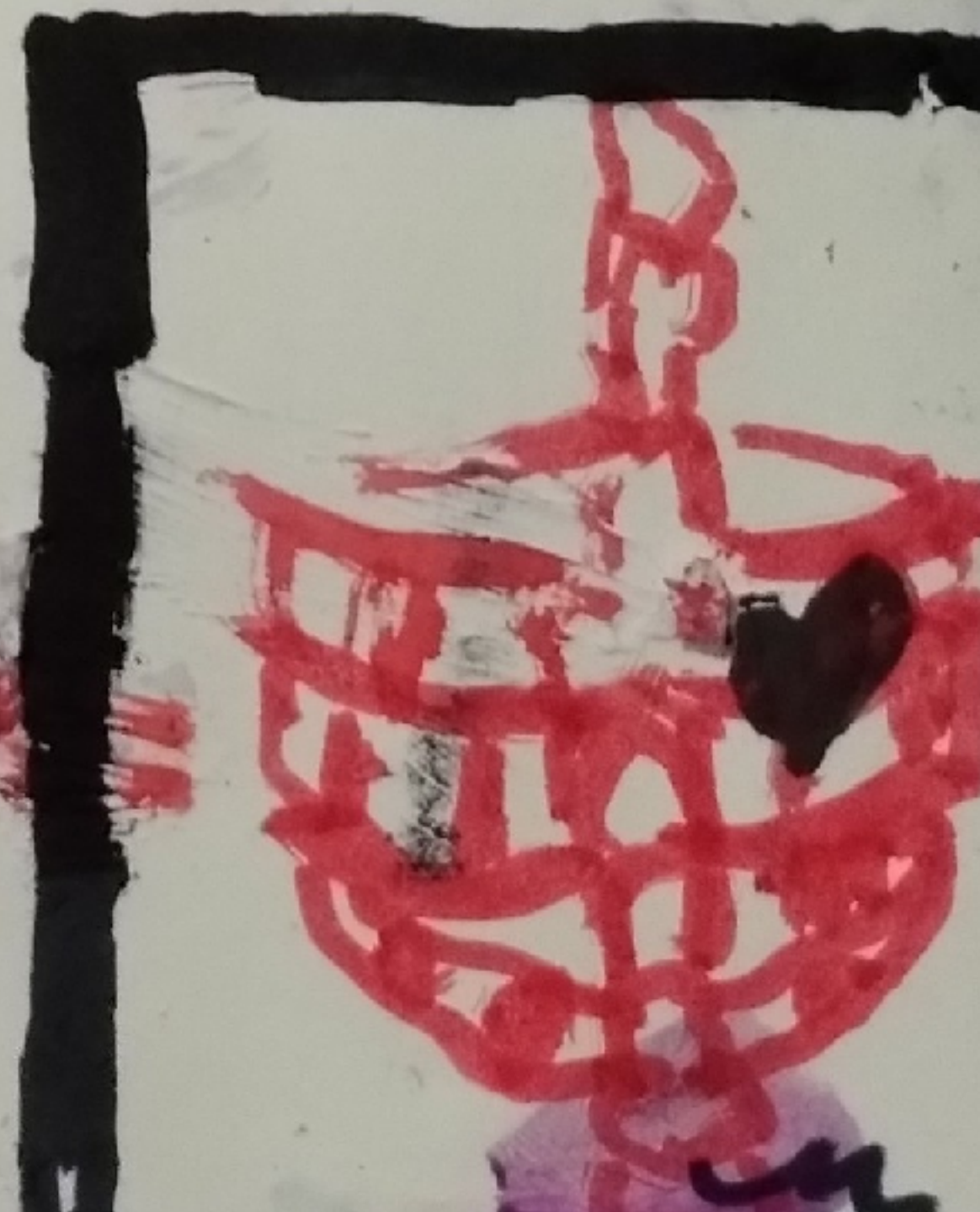
~~Me~~ PEPPERMINT RIGS
I MISS WHEN YOU TOLD
ME TO KILL MYSELF. THE RUSH IN
MY VEINS AS I READ IT,

ALL I CAN SAY WAS "I LOVE YOU
OH, I DEFINITELY REGRET IT
IM SORRY, IM SORRY, I WISH
YOU'D FORGIVE ME,

I JUST WANT YOU TO PUNCH ME.
HIT ME IN MY CANDY CANE
RIBS, WITH PEPPERMINT SPIRAL
AND SUGARY DELIGHTS

TAKE A BAT LET ME FALL INTO
BITS BY THE END OF
THE NIGHT

I THINK YOU MIGHT BE
JESUS



VI.

WELL, ~~_____~~
CHORUS IM MARY MAGDALENEEE AND STRIPES SIN
AND ONLY YOUR LASHES CAN HEAL MY ~~_____~~

CALL ME A ~~_____~~ FREAK
JUST WANNA ~~_____~~ WHATEVER YOU WANT
I ~~_____~~ STICK WITH YOU LIKE -

UH, RINGWORMS OR TAPEWORMS SOME PARASITE ANIMAL
LLLLL ~~_____~~ I JUST WANNA ~~_____~~ HOLD YOU

I THINK I COULD MAKE YOU FALL FROM GRACE
I NEVER ~~_____~~ A THING FOR NUNS ANYWAYS

CHORUS 2 ★

WHEN YOU HIT ME I FEEL BETTER
UP AND AT EM COME UP AND GET HER
★ SOLD ★, **FUCK**...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, I CAN'T
SCARE YOU AWAY AND I KNOW I LOVE YOU
CUT MY LEGS OFF DON'T LET ME BE USED
CAUSE IM AFRAID, BECAUSE IM AFRAID OF ~~_____~~

NO NO NO, FLEAS, BEDBUGS,
LEECHES, SOME -



AND I JUST WANT YOU TO SMASH

MY CANYCANE RIBS WITH RED N'
WHITE STRIPES, TAKE A BAT AND
JUST BREAK ME TO PIECES BY THE
END OF THE NIGHT. I THINK YOU'RE

SOMETHING NEW, LETS JUST SAY
IM MAGDALENEEE AND STRIPES
AND PISTOLS CAN HEAL
SICK

Born in Miskolc, Hungary. Emigrated to Canada 1951. Chiefly self-taught but influenced by Mestrovic and Barlach. Studied for five months at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Montreal 1953. Worked under a Canada Council grant with a practical wood craftsman in Copenhagen, Denmark 1958. Sculpture exhibited at the Brussels World's Fair and in Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

Né à Miskolc, Hongrie. A émigré au Canada en 1951. En grande partie autodidacte mais a subi l'influence de Mestrovic et de Barlach. A étudié pendant cinq mois à l'École des Beaux-Arts de Montréal, en 1953. A l'aide d'une bourse du Conseil des Arts du Canada a travaillé avec un artisan en travail sur bois à Copenhague, Danemark, en 1958. A exposé des oeuvres de sculpture à l'Expo-

VII.

I KEEP ~~LIGHTING~~ LIGHTING FIRES ON MY SKIN
LITTLE BLUE AND ~~AMBER~~ AMBER ~~DANCERS~~
MY LIPS STILL TASTE ~~THE SAME~~
A LITTLE BIT LIKE YOU
IM GETTING OLDER
BUT STILL I'M NOT WISE
CREAM CORN FROM MY RAZORBLADE
~~IM~~ IM SO YOUNG, NO SURPRISE

I KEEP LIGHTING FIRES ON MY SKIN
(OH A YEAR HAS PASSED AND IM SO BROKEN)
LITTLE BLUE AND AMBER DANCERS

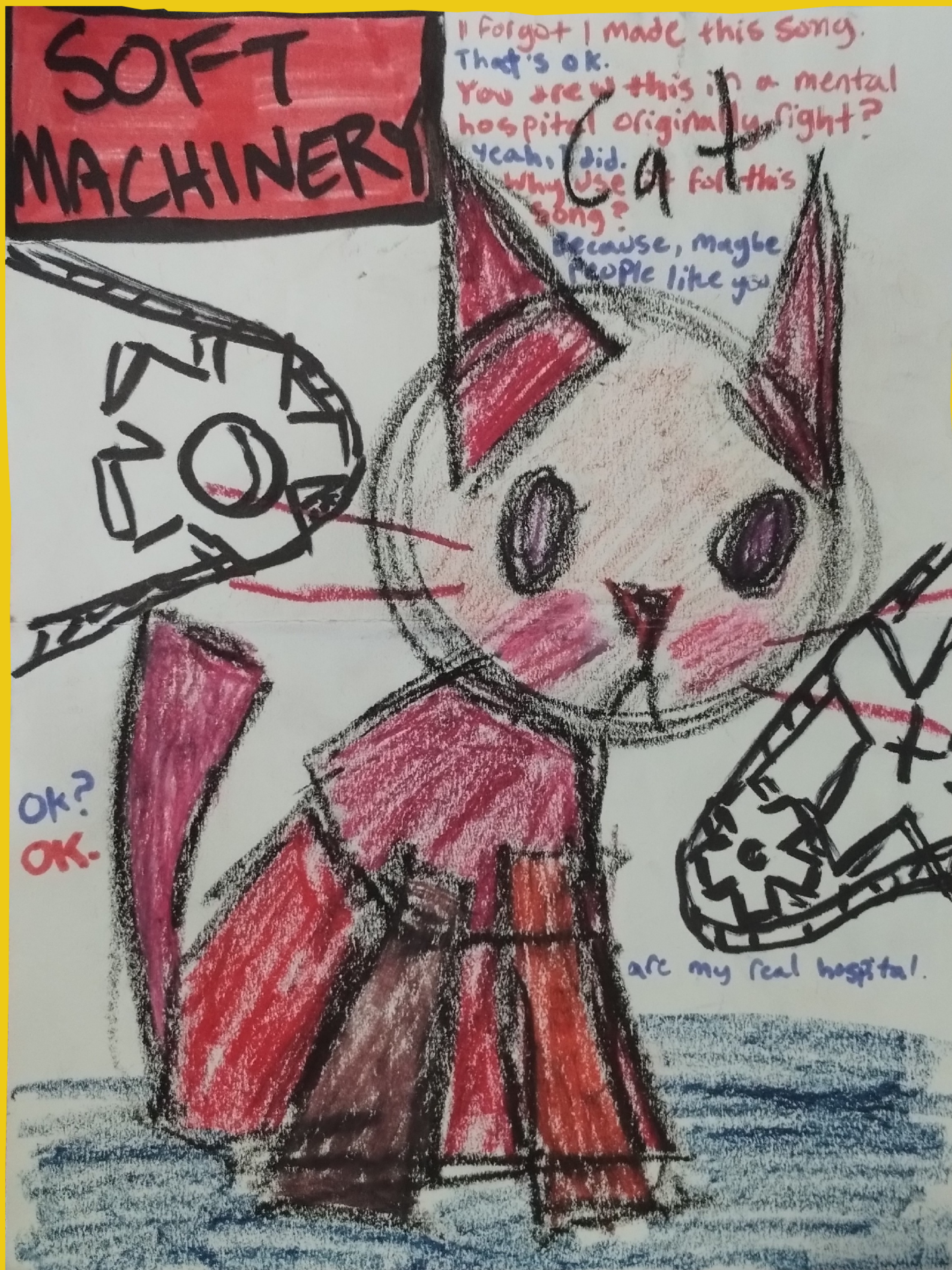
I'LL KEEP MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES FOREVER
A LITTLE BIT LIKE YOU
MY LIPS STILL TASTE ~~THE SAME~~
BLOOD DRIPPING ONTO ~~MY~~ MY ~~WASH~~ SWEATER

DO ALL FAGS FEEL THIS BAD
(I WANT YOU TO LOVE MY CIGARETTE ARMS)
SOME DAYS I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU MISS ME
(BUT IM STILL GETTING OLDER)

I MUST BE SO GOD DAMN EVIL
(DO YOUR LIPS STILL TASTE THAT WAY)
YOU NEVER SAW ME THE SAME
(LITTLE BLUE AND AMBER DANCERS)

~~REPEAT~~ REPEAT ~~REPEAT~~

VIII.



IX.



THYME'S SONG,

I BROWSED A WEBSITE - EGG U L L C F D
MY HAIR FELL OUT MY BODY CAME UNDONE
I PROBABLY SHOULD'VE BEEN OWNED BY NO ONE
AND STILL IM TETHERED TO YOU
DO YOU SEE ME ACTING OUT
IM SO GOD DAMN EVIL

I GET IT MAKES YOU MAD, I BET IT MAKE YOU MAD
IM MARKING MY TERRITORY LIKE
AN EPILEPTIC ~~MAN~~ DOG

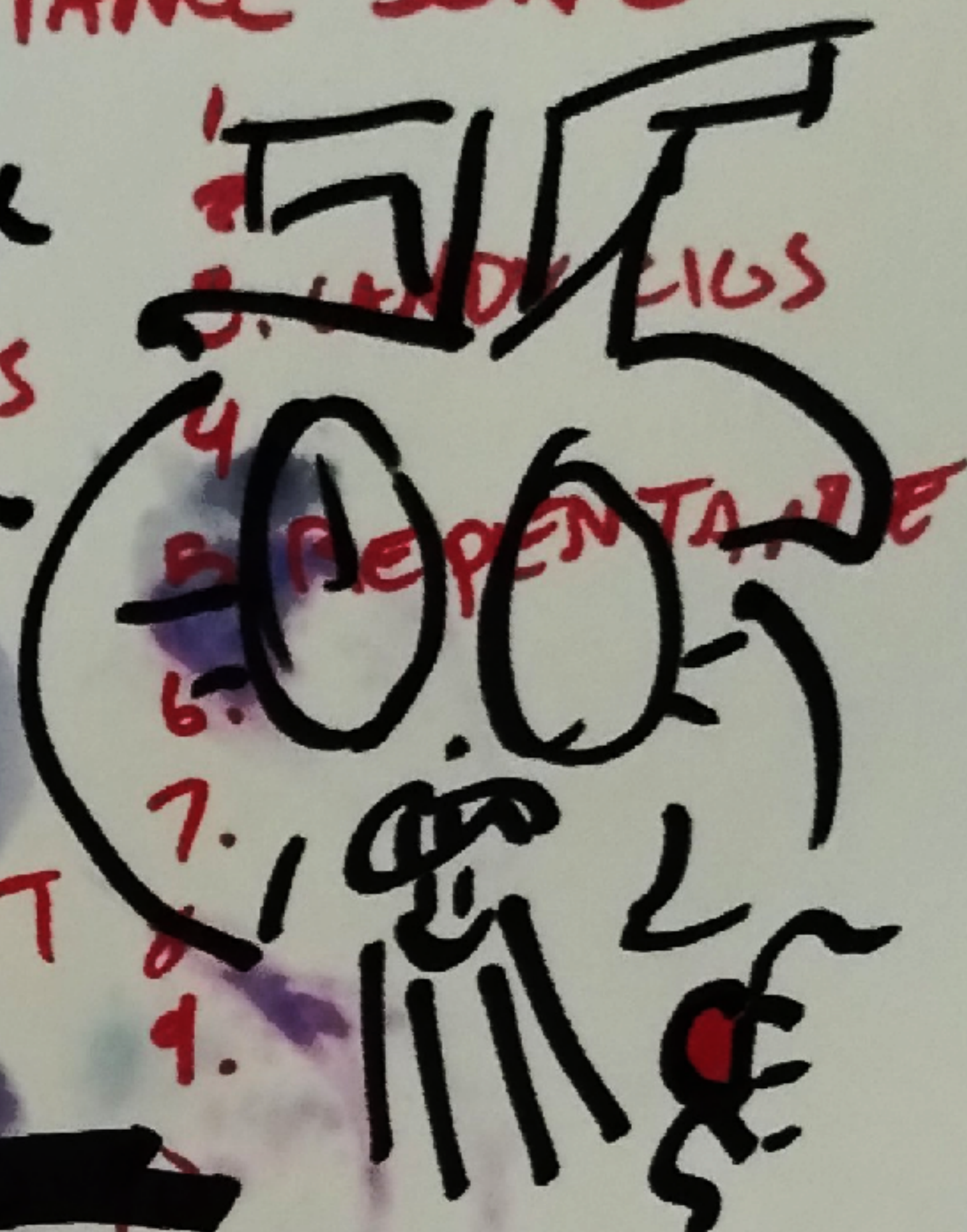
DO ALL FAGS FEEL THIS ~~WAY~~ WAY
YOU NEVER SAW THE SCARS ON MY ~~IT~~ IT
NOT THAT ~~WE~~ EVER COULDN'T ANY WAY
SLEEPING TOGETHER WITH OUR JEANS ON
LIKE FAMILY CIRCUS WOULDVE

I GET IT IVE HEARD IT A MILLION TIMES
I KNOW IVE GOT WEIRD FETISHES,
ILL REPENT LIKE, IN A NUN COSTUME
WHILE TRANNIES KISS MY ~~HEAD~~ HEADSES

AKA REPENTANCE SONG

FUCK
CHORUS

DRAW OUT



GOODBYE
CLASSIC SINNERS!

LATEX IS NOT
GOOD FOR YOU

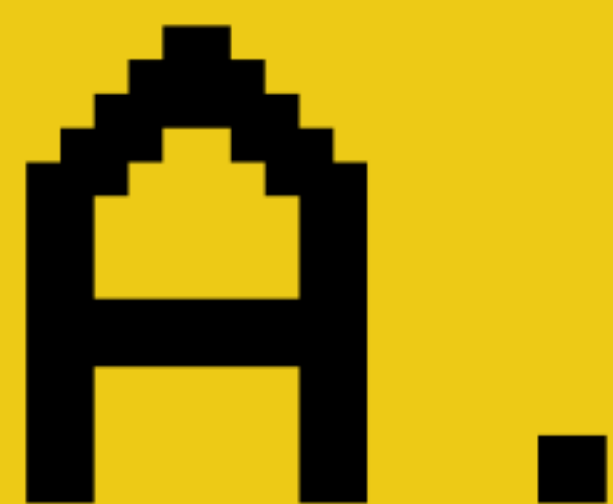
BUT I JUST WISH I COULD
DRESS IN THE WAY I WANT TO,

I THINK I GOT
IT WRONG, I WAS
ALWAYS MEANT
TO SING THESE,
WE'LL GO BACK
AND FORTH TILL
IT'S DONE

AJJ'S STILL PUMPING SMOKE! 2. THE SET ON

THIS PATCH IS PUMP
 POISON IN MY PORES ONG
 I CANT TAKE THAT MUCH MORE,
 WHEN I'M ON TOUR, ID LIKE TO LIVE A
 MORE, AND HAVE A LITTLE MORE TO GIVE.
 AND SMOKING IS LIKE HIRING A HITMAN, FOR
 5\$ A DAY, AND AS COOL AS THAT IS I DONT WANNA KEEP
 DYING THIS WAY.
 I'M SHAKING LIKE A JUNKIE AND I'M SHIVERING LIKE A
 CRACKHEAD, IVE GOTTA GET THIS FUCKIN MONKEY OFF MY
 BACK, AND I JUST NEED TO REMEMBER I CANT
 AFFORD TO BE A BIG SPENDER AND THAT
 THIS IS TOBACCO AND NOT CRACK! AND
 FOR 5\$ A DAY, AND AS COOL
 AS THAT IS, I DONT WANNA KEEP DYING THIS
 WAY.

*FOR A WHILE



CROOKED TEETH (BONUS) BY DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

ORIGINALLY RELEASED FOR
BUSTY'S — THE LAST TRACK
WE WORKED ON TOGETHER THERE

IT WAS, 100 DEGREES AS WE SAT BENEATH A WILLOW TREE
WHOSE TEARS DIDN'T CARE, THEY JUST HUNG IN THE AIR
AND REFUSED TO FALL, TO FALL
AND I KNEW I MADE A HORRIBLE CALL, AND NOW THE STATE
LINE FELT LIKE THE BERLIN WALL, AND THERE WAS NO DOUBT
ABOUT WHICH SIDE I WAS ON, MHHM.

CAUSE I BUILT YOU A HOME IN MY HEART, WITH ROTTEN WOOD
IT DECAYED FROM THE START. CAUSE YOU CAN'T FIND NOTHING
AT ALL, IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG. NO YOU
CAN'T FIND NOTHING AT ALL, IF THERE WAS NOTHING
THERE ALL ALONG.

I BRAVED TREACHEROUS STREETS, AND
KIDS STRUNG OUT, ON HOMEMADE SPEED,
AND WE SHARED A BED IN WHICH I COULD
NOT SLEEP AT ALL, WOO-HOO, WOO-HOO, OH,
CAUSE AT NIGHT, THE SUN IN RETREAT MADE
THE SKYLINE LOOK, LIKE CROOKED TEETH
IN THE MOUTH OF A MAN WHO WAS DEVOURING
US BOTH.

YOU'RE SO CUTE WHEN YOU'RE SURRENDERING
YOUR SPEECH, BUT THEY'RE CLOSING THE
BAR, AND THEY WANT US TO LEAVE, AND
YOU CAN'T FIND NOTHING AT ALL, IF THERE
WAS NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG, NO YOU CAN'T
FIND NOTHING AT ALL IF THERE WAS
NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG

IN A WAR, OF HEAD VS. HEART, IT'S ALWAYS THIS WAY. MY HEAD IS
WEAK, AND MY HEART ALWAYS SPEAKS, BEFORE I KNOW WHAT IT'LL SAY,
AND YOU CAN'T FIND NOTHING AT ALL, IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL
ALONG, NO YOU CAN'T FIND NOTHING AT ALL IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE
ALL ALONG, NO YOU CAN'T FIND NOTHING AT ALL IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG.



A.

THERE WERE CHURCHES, THEME PARKS, AND MALLS,
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL

ALONG.

ENOCHIAN WEATHER BY MINSTER FOX?

YOU'RE NOT A CLEAN SLATE, YOU'RE NOT A BLANK CANVAS, YOU WELCOME
COMFORTING ~~THE~~ IDEA — BLACK TSHIRT WITH NO DESIGN

WE ARE TWO PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND THE OTHER'S LIFE HISTORY
AT LEAST TRY TO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR HISTORY. YOU AREN'T
DEFINED BY IT. YOU'RE JUST A CREATURE LONGING FOR SMELLS, TOUCH.

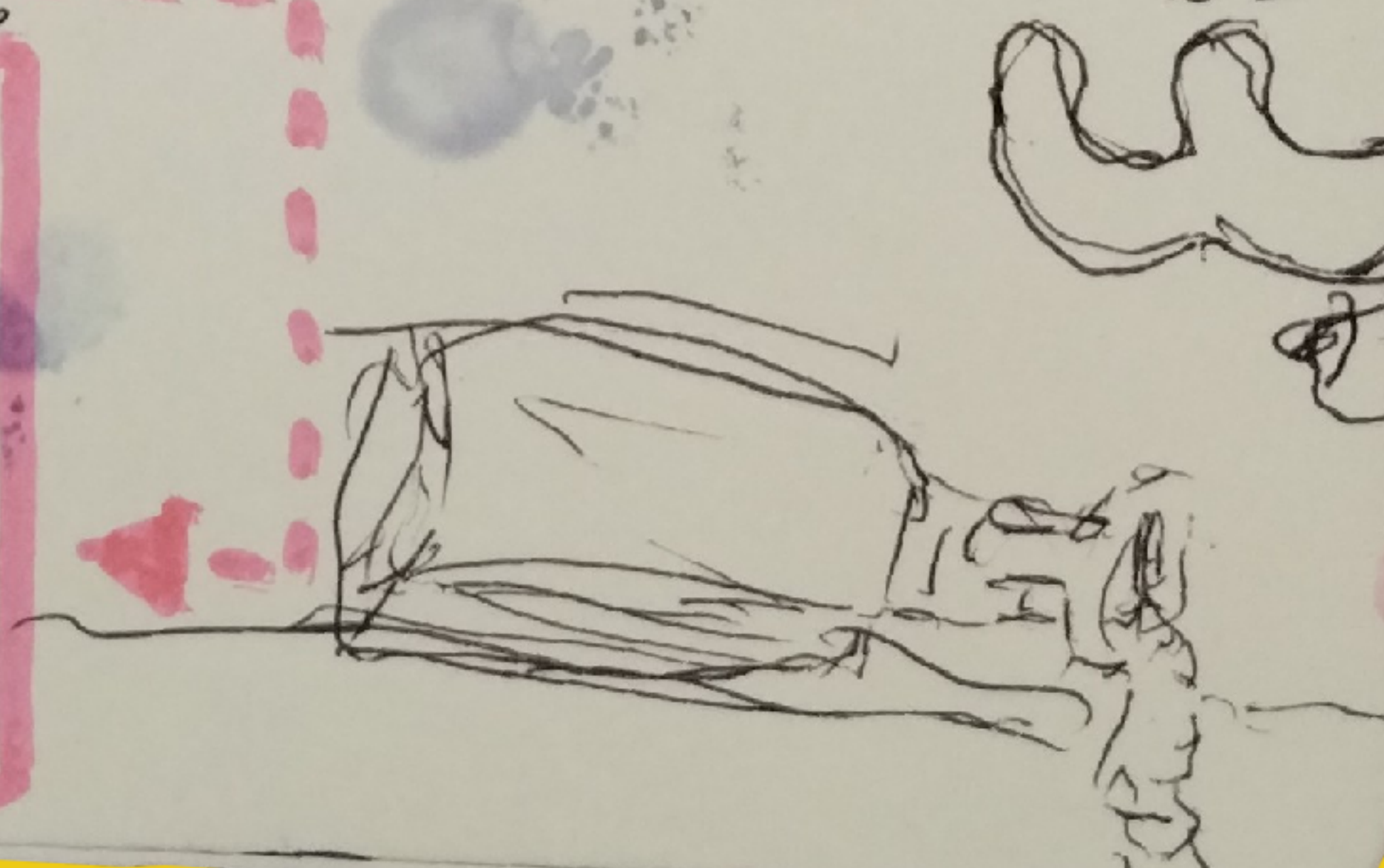
THERE ARE DEODORANT STAINS ON THIS SHIRT I'M PRETTY SURE, THE
ONE WITH THE UH, INVADER ZIM DESIGN. MAYBE A WMSTAIN OR
TWO, YOU OWN THE SAME ONE BUT IT'S TWO SIZES BIGGER,
THINK ABOUT THAT SOMETIMES, I'M EMBARRASSED BY IT SO
I SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE IT OFF, YOU ORNERY FEATHER

MY OWN FEEDBACK LOOP THAT REACHES AN UNIMAGINABLE ROAR
CALLING YOUR NAME AS I MAKE TEARS IN THE FABRIC. I STILL
CAN'T PRONOUNCE YOUR NAME AFTER ALL THIS TIME TRYING,
YOU CHOSE IT YOURSELF BUT IT'S ANOMALOUS. I CAN BREATHE
INTO AN ORGAN AND IMAGINE YOU THERE.

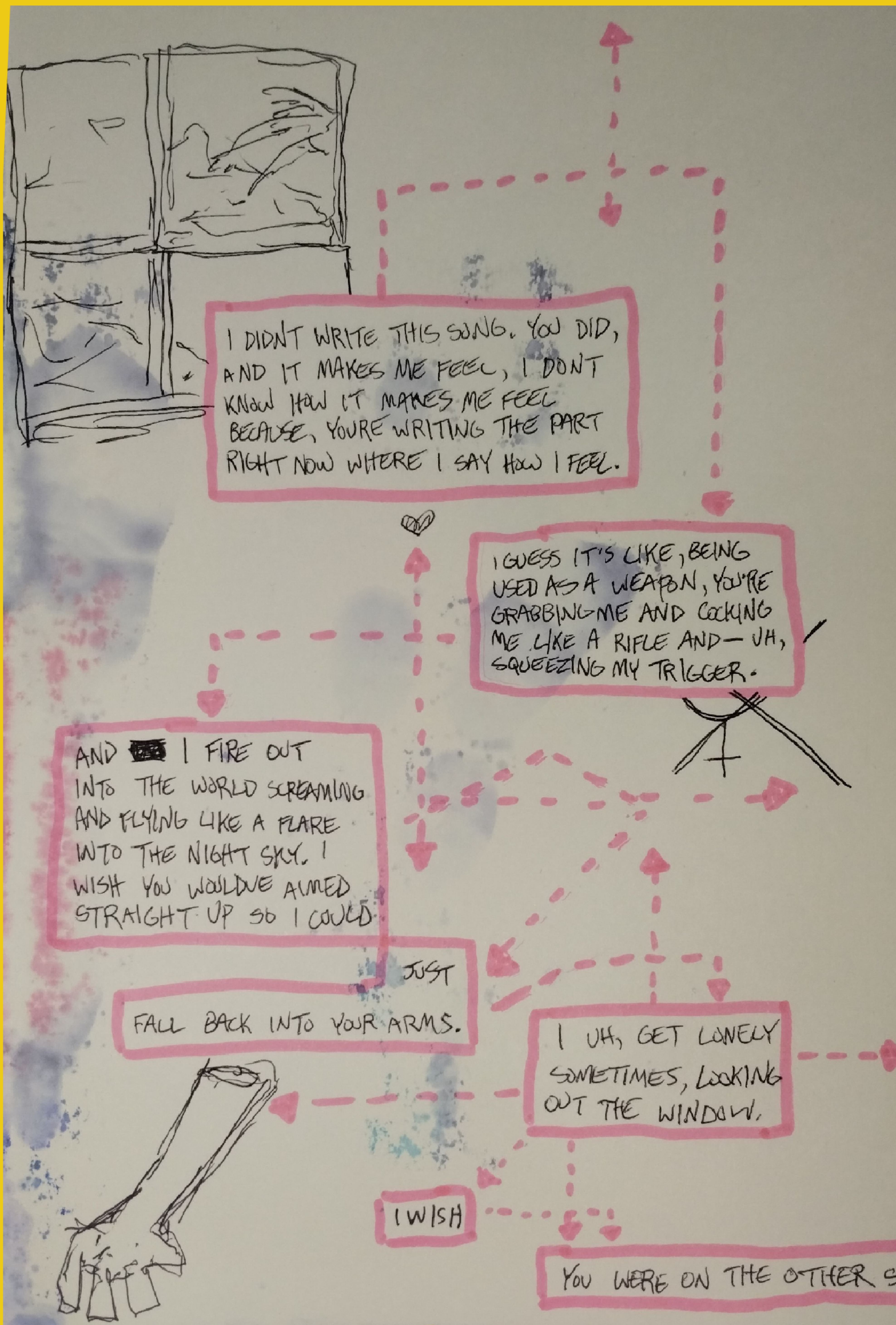
YOU ~~THE~~ STORYTELLER! MY OWN MARY PUPPETING MY GAWANISTIC
BODY — I COULDN'T DO THAT — YOU AREN'T AWARE I JUST SPILL,
IMAGINING YOU, IMAGINING MYSELF CLOSE TO YOU, IMAGINING OUR
ARMS CLOSE TO EACH OTHER AND FUSED AGAINST ONE ANOTHER —
TWO WINGS FOR ONE BODY — AND I SAW YOUR FACE, BUT NOW
IT ISN'T THERE. OH ENOCHIAN WEATHER.

IF I COULD CRACK YOU OPEN AND DISSECT YOU LIKE THAT FROG
IN HIGH SCHOOL I WOULD, JUST TO SEE WHERE THINGS STARTED
AND WHERE THINGS MIGHT END.

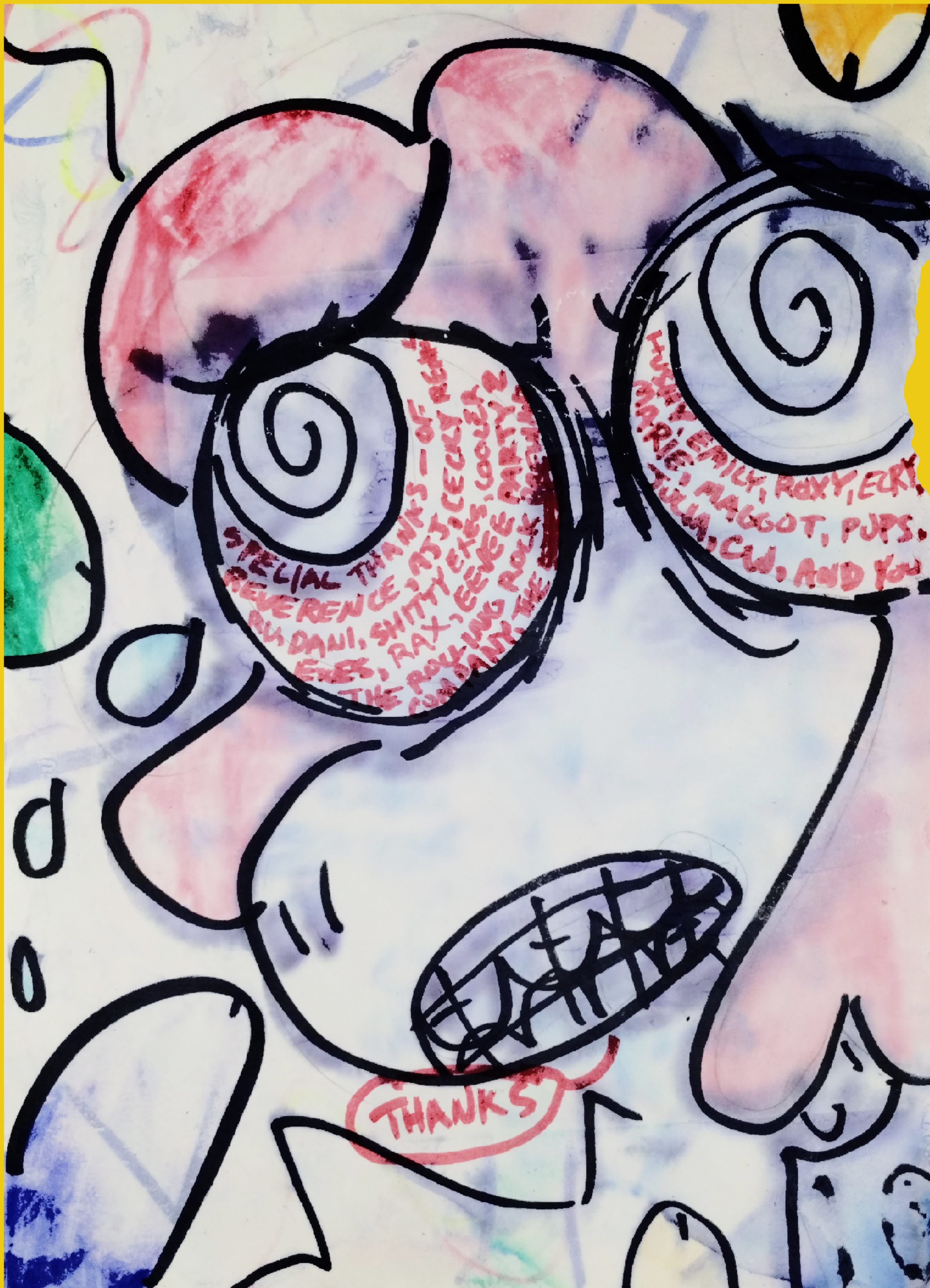
TWO DEER RUNNING THROUGH THE ~~THE~~
WOODS WITH ANTLERS IN PERFECT
SYMMETRY, HANDS OUTSTRETCHED
AND ~~THE~~ PERFECTLY ALIGNED AS THE
BEER STORE'S DELIVERY VAN ~~THE~~
CRASHES INTO ~~THE~~ US.



B.







special thanks - of reverence, ajj, cecily renns, ru, dani, shitty exes, cooler exes, rax,
eevee party 2 the rolling rock brewing company, the [censored], hushy, emily, roxy,
ecry, marie, maggots, pups, julia, cw, and you.

thanks.

IT WILL BE OK WE WILL NOT
DIE EVEN IF WE DO.

OH GOD,

EVERYTHING I DO
IS HEARTFELT.

HOW'D I
GET HERE.

IM A GIRL & I LOVE YOU



FURRY (WITH A ROPE WOUND) = VOMIT + MINISTER FOX

STILL SMOKIN' WRITTEN BY ADJ SAMPLES BY NONE YA BUSINESS

VOMITDISTRICT.NEOCITIES.ORG

BIDDYFOX.NEOCITIES.ORG

Q.D.C. V.D.C.



* INTRO

* UNTITLED

* SPACE AGE
LOVE SONG

* EMT

* CANDY CIGARETTE
CARGON GIRL

* PEPPERMINT RIBS

* AMBER DANCERS

* SOFT
MACHINERY

* TRULY DISPOSABLE

* REPENTANCE SONG

* STILL SMOKIN' ~~STILL SMOKIN'~~